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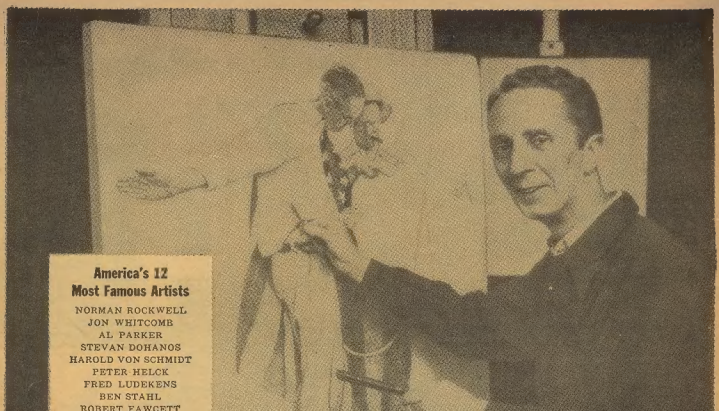

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C'EST la GUERRE!

SACRE BLEU! THESE AMERICANS! I TELL YOU, M'SIEURS, THEY ARE *MAD!* HOW ELSE CAN THEY BE EXPLAINED?! THAT DAY, I STOOD ON THE TARMAC OF *LE SQUADRON CHIEN ROUGE*, THE RED DOG SQUADRON... SUCH A TITLE!... AND I WATCHED THE AMERICAN PILOTS RETURN. I SAW THE LEAD NIEUPORT WAG ITS WINGS... SAW IT WAVER IN MID-AIR. AND WHY NOT?! IT WAS LITTLE MORE THAN A SKELETON OF AN AEROPLANE. MY HEART, SHE WAS TORN WITH PITY. AND YET, THE AMERICAN COMMANDANT... *LE C.O.*, AS HE WAS CALLED... COULD SPEAK CALMLY...

THERE'S THE *SIGNAL*, COLONEL! I GUESS ADAMS *DID THE JOB!*

OUI! BUT HE MUST BE *HURT!* HIS PLANE, SHE IS *DAMAGED!* AND I SEE ONE... *TWO GAPS* IN THE FORMATION! HOW CAN YOU BE SO *CALM*, MAJOR?! MEN HAVE *DIED*...

WE MOURN OUR DEAD, COLONEL! BUT WE DON'T *CRY* FOR THEM, NO! I'M AFRAID THEY WOULDN'T HAVE *WANTED* IT LIKE THAT...

PULL UP, LIEUTENANT! *PULL UP!*

BA-WHAAAM!

THIS MAN ADAMS... THE PILOT WHO CRASHED... THEY TOOK HIM FROM HIS FLAMING PLANE... AND YOU WILL SEE, M'SIEURS! THE AMERICANS, THEY *ARE MAD!*

SO...*YOUNG!* SO *VERY YOUNG!* I DO NOT *ENVY* YOU, MAJOR! TO ORDER SUCH A ONE ON A SUICIDE MISSION! IT MUST HAVE BEEN A *DIFFICULT* THING TO DO!

FRANCE WILL NOT *FORGET* YOU, *MON AMI!* AND YOU MUST BEAR NO *BITTERNESS!* YOUR MAJOR HAD *NO CHOICE!*

BITTERNESS, SIR?! YOU'VE GOT THE SET-UP ALL *COCK-EYED,* SIR! *WASN'T ORDERED* ON THIS FLIGHT!

NOT ORDERED? THEN... AH, MY BRAVE ONE... *YOU VOLUN-TEERED!*

NOT EXACTLY, COLONEL! ADAMS GOT THIS CHORE BY *PURE CHANCE! C'EST LA GUERRE,* AS YOU SAY. IT WAS JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS!

YOU COMPREHEND, M'SIEURS? A MISSION OF DEATH! A SUICIDE FLIGHT! AND THEY HAD CHOSEN THE UN-FORTUNATE ONE BY CHANCE! MERE CHANCE! I WAS, AS YOU SAY, BEWILDERED BY THIS! AND THEN, THE BRAVE ONE, THIS ADAMS, SPOKE AGAIN...

YOU DON'T *GET* IT, *DO* YOU, SIR? WELL, IT'S *REALLY SIMPLE!* AND I *DOT* THE JOB BECAUSE OF *YOU*... IN A WAY...

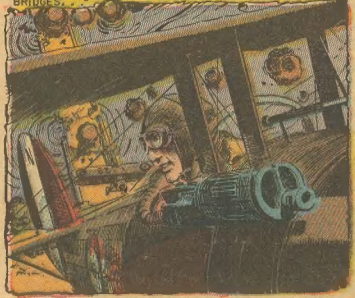
"REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME YOU VISITED US HERE. THE SQUADRON WAS AWAY AT THE TIME, OVER JERRY TERRITORY, TANGLING WITH SOME FOKKERS...

"WE GOT BACK AFTER YOU'D LEFT, BUT MAJOR BRONSON GAVE US YOUR MESSAGE. HE MADE IT SHORT AND SWEET..."

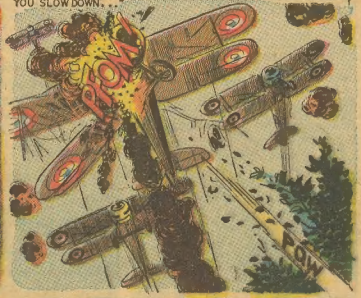
...AND THAT'S THE STORY, THE FRENCH ARE PLANNING A *MAJOR ADVANCE,* AND *OUR* ASSIGNMENT IS TO *CLEAR THE TARGETS* MARKED ON THIS MAP *OUT OF THEIR PATH!* AND WE'VE GOT *TEN DAYS TO DO IT IN!* ANY QUESTIONS?

"SURE THERE WERE QUESTIONS! HOW DO YOU HIT MAYBE THIRTY TARGETS IN TEN DAYS? YOU'D GIVEN US QUITE AN ASSIGNMENT, COLONEL! BUT NOBODY ASKED ANY QUESTIONS WE JUST WENT OUT AND DID OUR JOB..."

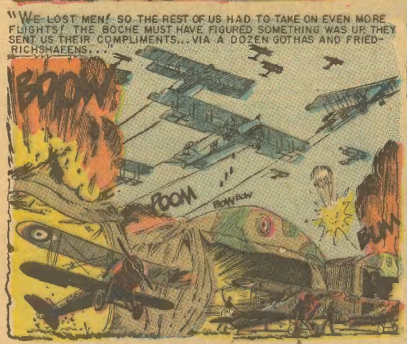
"IT WASN'T TOO BAD, AT FIRST. WE BROKE UP TROOP CONCENTRATIONS, HIT A FEW CONVOYS, TOOK CARE OF A FEW BRIDGES...

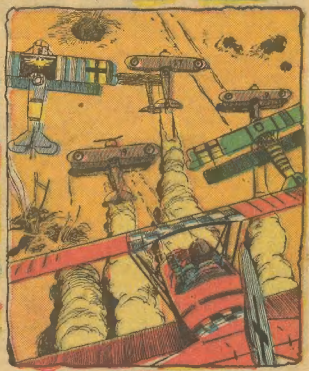


"...BUT WHEN YOU GO UP TWO, THREE TIMES A DAY... WHEN YOU START SKIPPING SLEEP, THINGS HAPPEN TO YOU! YOU SLOW DOWN..."

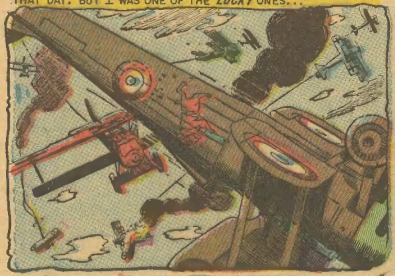


"WE LOST MEN! SO THE REST OF US HAD TO TAKE ON EVEN MORE FLIGHTS! THE BOCHE MUST HAVE FIGURED SOMETHING WAS UP. THEY SENT US THEIR COMPLIMENTS... VIA A DOZEN GOTHAS AND FRIEDRICHSHAFENS..."





"THE KAISER'S BOYS REALLY WORKED US OVER, TRYING TO CONVINCE US TO GIVE UP OUR AROUND-THE-CLOCK ASSAULTS. WHAT THE BIG BOMBERS STARTED, THE ALBATROSSES AND FOKKERS FINISHED. MY SHIP CAUGHT A DOZEN SPANDAU SLUGS THAT DAY. BUT I WAS ONE OF THE *LUCKY* ONES..."

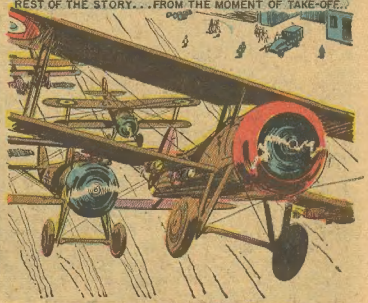


"JERRY THREW EVERYTHING AT US. I GUESS MAJOR BRONSON TOLD YOU, WHEN YOU CAME BACK A WEEK LATER..."

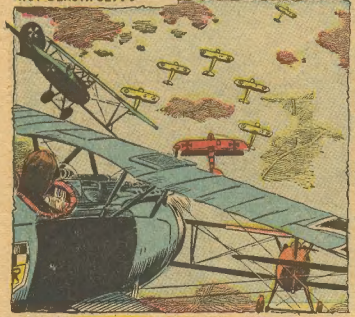
MY PILOTS ARE DEAD ON THEIR FEET! THEY NEED REST! EVEN IF THEY FLEW UNDER PERFECT CONDITIONS, THE ODDS ON WHAT YOU'RE ASKING WOULD BE AGAINST THEM!
DO YOU THINK I DO NOT WEEP FOR THOSE WHO HAVE DIED, MAJOR? STILL... IT MUST BE DONE! C'EST LA GUERRE I HAVE MY ORDERS!
LE BOCHE IS AWARE THAT SOMETHING IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN. HE IS BRINGING IN GUNS AMMUNITION, SUPPLIES...
AND CONCENTRATING THEM IN THE YARDS AT BOIS LE DOUX! A YARD PROTECTED BY ANTI-AIRCRAFT, BALLOONS, ARTILLERY! I TELL YOU THE SQUADRON WOULD NEVER GET THROUGH!
THE SQUADRON... NOT BUT ONE PLANE... FLYING LOW AND FAST AT NIGHT... PERHAPS! MAJOR! IT IS NOT OF MY DOING, BELIEVE ME...
THE UPPER ECHELONS HAVE IT ALL WORKED OUT, EH?! MY MEN ARE EXPENDABLE! I... SEE...
"MAJOR BRONSON GAVE IT TO US STRAIGHT, LATER..."
SOUNDS LIKE QUITE A JAUNT, SIR! JERRY WILL GIVE WHOEVER TRIES IT A WARM WELCOME! HAVE YOU... PICKED THE MAN?
I'M NOT GOING TO PICK A MAN FOR THE JOB! WAR OR NO WAR, I'M NOT GOING TO ORDER A MAN TO COMMIT SUICIDE!
I'M GOING TO ASK FOR A VOLUNTEER!
BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR... BUT YOU KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF YOU ASK FOR A VOLUNTEER FOR THIS KIND OF A MISSION! WHY NOT LEAVE IT TO LUCK?
"AND THAT'S HOW IT WAS, COLONEL. WE THREW DICE. I JUST HAPPENED TO ROLL THE LOW NUMBER..."
I GUESS THAT SETTLES THINGS, ADAMS! YOU'RE IT! YOU'LL TAKE OFF AT 19:00 HOURS, TOMORROW EVENING. THE REST OF THE SQUADRON WILL COVER YOU AS FAR AS BOIS LE DOUX! THEN, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN...
YOU'LL CARRY A "VERY PISTOL" WITH YOU! IF, AFTER YOU HIT THE YARD, YOU'RE STILL AROUND TO TRY FOR HOME, FIRE A FLARE SO THE REST OF THE SQUADRON CAN FIND YOU AND ESCORT YOU BACK! THAT'S ABOUT ALL! GOOD LUCK!

GOOD LUCK! IS THAT NOT IRONIC, M'SIEURS? TO WISH THIS POOR, MAD AMERICAN "GOOD LUCK"... *BON CHANCE!* AH, HOW BADLY HE WAS HURT. AND YET HE TOLD ME HIS STORY. UNTIL HE COULD TALK NO MORE...

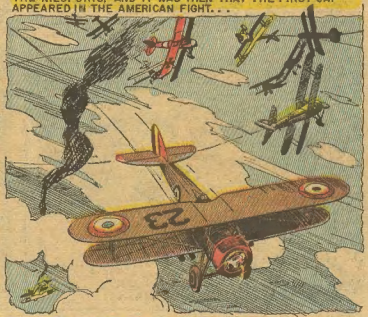
THESE AMERICANS! BUT, AT LEAST THEY HAD HEART. I LEFT THIS ADAMS THEN... WITH HIS STORY UNFINISHED. BUT I SAW THE FLIGHT REPORT LATER. I READ THE REST OF THE STORY... FROM THE MOMENT OF TAKE-OFF.



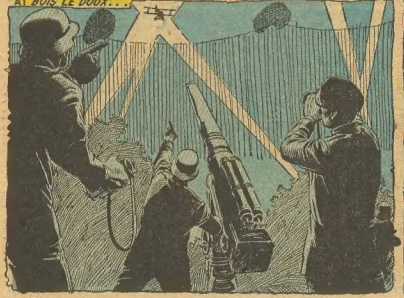
THIS I HAD SEEN. I HAD WATCHED THEM HEAD EAST... SO SWIFT, SO BEAUTIFUL. BUT WHAT CAME AFTER WAS NOT BEAUTIFUL...

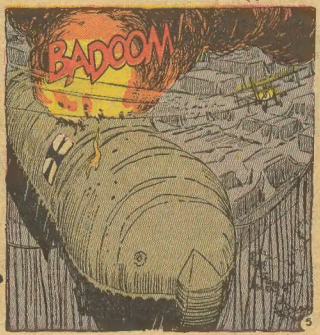


TEN MILES WEST OF *BOIS LE DOUX*, THE HUN WAITED, BARRING THE WAY. A FLIGHT OF ALBATROSSES CROSSED THE PATH OF THE NIEUPORTS, AND IT WAS THEN THAT THE FIRST GAP APPEARED IN THE AMERICAN FIGHT...

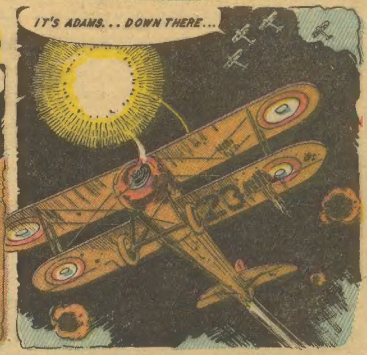


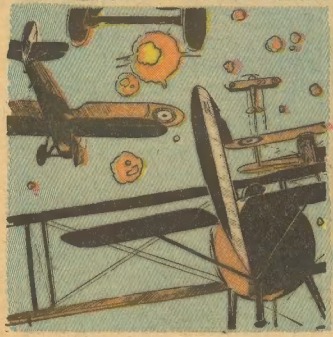
LE ADAMS... HE WENT ON... WHILE THE OTHERS FOUGHT *LE BOCHE*, AND SO, HE WAS ALONE AS HE APPROACHED THE FREIGHT YARDS AT *BOIS LE DOUX*...

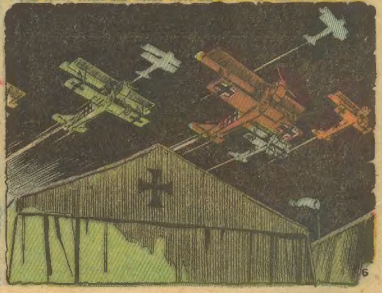




ONE MAN, ONE PAIR OF VICKERS GUNS... AGAINST ALL THAT. BECAUSE OF A LOST GAMBLE. A ROLL OF THE DICE. A LOW NUMBER. *MON DIEU!* DO YOU WONDER NOW WHY I SAY THE AMERICANS, THEY ARE MAD?!







THE AMERICANS TENDED THEIR WOUNDED COMRADE AND HIS CRIPPLED SHIP, AND *LE BOCHE* STRUCK... WITH ANGER, WITH DEATH...

BUT, IN THE END, THE FOKKERS WERE LEFT BEHIND. AND THOSE WHO REMAINED OF *LE SQUADRON CHIEN ROUGE* RETURNED. WHEN I'D READ THE FLIGHT REPORT, I WENT TO SEE THE AMERICAN... THIS ADAMS...

WHAT A BREAK! HOW COME YOU RATE SO MUCH *LUCK*, ANYWAY, ADAMS, 'OL BOY?

YOU GOTTA *LIVE RIGHT*, MARTIN! YOU GOTTA *LIVE RIGHT!*

LONDON! PICADILLY! MMM, BOY! I CAN SEE IT ALL NOW, AND WITH ALL THAT JERRY STEEL THEY TOOK OUT OF YOU, YOU'RE PROBABLY GOOD FOR AT LEAST *THREE MONTHS BLIGHTY!* LUCKY STIFF!

SACRE BLEU!

IT WAS THEN, M'SIERS! IT WAS THEN THAT I LEARNED HOW TRULY MAD ARE THESE AMERICANS!

LUCKY!? M'SIEURS, *FORGIVE ME!* BUT... A MAN GAMBLES... LOSES... AND ALMOST *DIES* BECAUSE OF THIS LOST GAMBLE... AND YOU CALL HIM *LUCKY!!* I CANNOT *UNDERSTAND* THIS!

I HAD COME TO PAY MY RESPECTS, YOU COMPREHEND? TO OFFER MY SYMPATHY! BUT INSTEAD... THIS ADAMS... HE LAUGHED AT ME...

MON DIEU! YOU MAKE *NO SENSE!* IN THE FRENCH ARMY, SUCH A THING WOULD NOT BE *POSSIBLE!* TO CHOOSE A MAN FOR DEATH BECAUSE HE LOSES A GAMBLE! *C'EST FANTASTIQUE!*

WE MAKE SENSE ALL RIGHT, SIR! ONLY... I'M AFRAID YOU *STILL DON'T QUITE GET IT!*

AND SO I SAY TO YOU, M'SIEURS! THESE AMERICANS... THEY *ARE* MAD!

ABOUT THAT *GAMBLE*, SIR! YOU'VE GOT THE PICTURE *ALL WRONG! I DIDN'T LOSE IT! I WON IT!*

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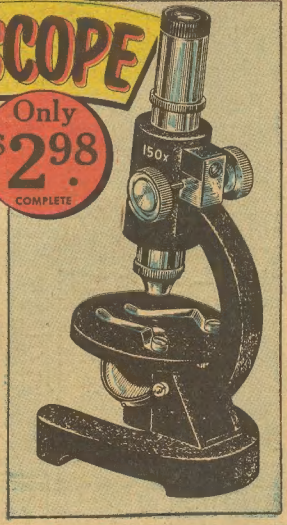

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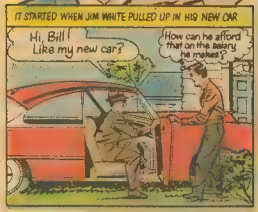
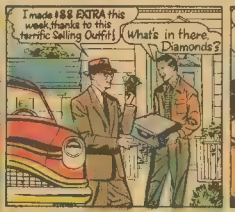
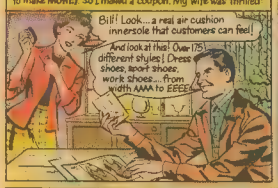
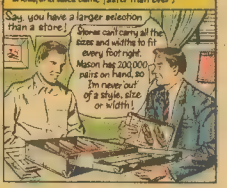
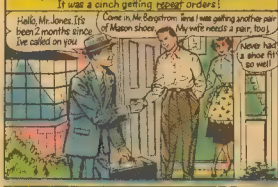
The TRUE STORY of William Bergstrom of Illinois

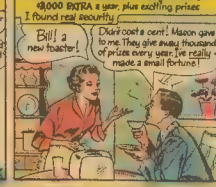












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AIRMAN UNKNOWN

At the end of the Great War, Capt. E. W. Zinn, a veteran of the French Foreign Legion and the Lafayette Escadrille, set out on a dedicated quest of his own choosing. Combing hundreds of square miles of battlegrounds, behind what once was known as the enemy's lines, he searched for the lonely graves of the lost fliers of the American Air Service.

Captain Zinn recalled the eager young American aviators, fresh from their training-camps, reporting for duty where the fighting was, and how he himself had assigned them to squadrons and each to a particular plane. Thus it was that he had come to know them all. He sent them to their stations . . . knew what ships they would pilot in aerial combat, on bombing expeditions, on reconnaissances over the lines. It was only natural that one day he would seek for those he sent out and who never returned!

His quest was to lead him over the greater part of northern France and into Belgium and Germany . . . through the torn fields and woods in the Verdun, Château-Thierry, St. Mihiel, and Meuse sectors. He tramped through the Argonne to Sedan and searched in the mountains that encircled Metz and hid the valley of the Moselle.

Many times Zinn came upon a grave with a rude cross on which was scrawled: "Unidentified American Aviator," or "Two Unidentified American Aviators." He obtained positive identification by careful examination of air-service records and by questioning peasants who saw American machines brought down.

There was the case of young Kenyon Roper . . . 91st Aero Squadron! It was fairly definitely established that Roper had come down in the night between the lines. Capt. Zinn questioned scores of peasant folk. They had heard that an American aviator had fallen, but they did not know where. Zinn found evidence of the burned plane. Then he found a small boy who had a handkerchief. Written in indelible ink on the linen was the name "Kenyon Roper." The boy led Zinn to Roper's grave.

There were Kinne and McElroy . . . 99th Aero Squadron! Only a piece of the tail of their machine was found. Their plane came down in flames between Cunel and Mantillois. Both jumped. Days were spent in hunting for them. One day, their squadron commander joined in the search. He hunted for hours in a thick wood . . . then he gave up! He was standing on the edge of a covered shell-hole, discouraged. Some impulse caused him to stir the earth in the shell-hole with his foot. And there he found young McElroy. Near by they later found Kinne.

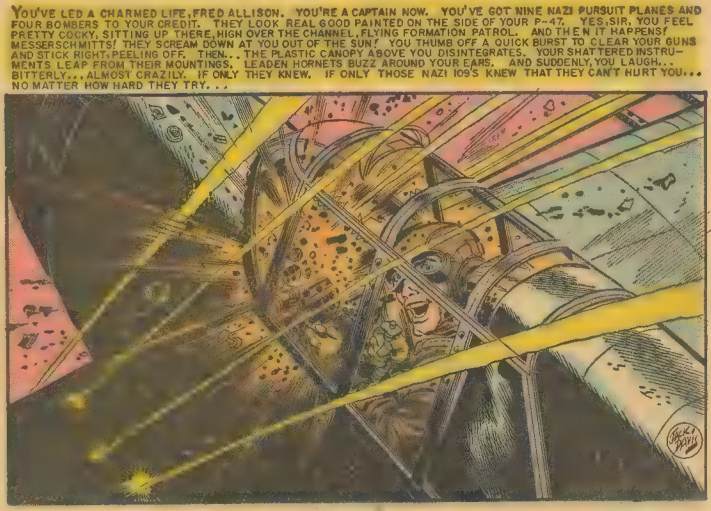
In the short time following the Armistice, Capt. Zinn manifested the same tenacious brand of patience. Out of 150 missing American aviators, he had already definitely located and identified the spots where *seventy* fell and were buried.

Then there was Lester Harter . . . 11th Squadron! He went out and his machine caught fire. Harter jumped and fell many thousand feet to his death. When awe-stricken peasants ran from the fields to his body, they found a scrap of paper in his hand. On it was written in hurried, jerky letters, "Lester Harter."

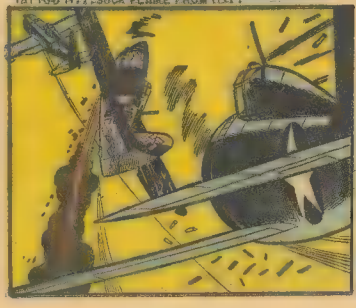
Fearing lost identity among the dead, Harter must have written his name on that piece of paper before he jumped from his plane . . . !

IRON MAN!

YOU'VE LED A CHARMED LIFE, FRED ALLISON. YOU'RE A CAPTAIN NOW. YOU'VE GOT NINE NAZI PURSUIT PLANES AND FOUR BOMBERS TO YOUR CREDIT. THEY LOOK REAL GOOD PAINTED ON THE SIDE OF YOUR P-47. YES, SIR, YOU FEEL PRETTY COCKY, SITTING UP THERE, HIGH OVER THE CHANNEL, FLYING FORMATION PATROL. AND THEN IT HAPPENS! MESSERSCHMITTS! THEY SCREAM DOWN AT YOU OUT OF THE SUN! YOU THUMB OFF A QUICK BURST TO CLEAR YOUR GUNS AND STICK RIGHT, PEELING OFF. THEN... THE PLASTIC CANOPY ABOVE YOU DISINTEGRATES. YOUR SHATTERED INSTRUMENTS LEAP FROM THEIR MOUNTINGS. LEADEN HORNETS BUZZ AROUND YOUR EARS. AND SUDDENLY, YOU LAUGH... BITTERLY... ALMOST CRAZILY. IF ONLY THEY KNEW. IF ONLY THOSE NAZI 109'S KNEW THAT THEY CAN'T HURT YOU... NO MATTER HOW HARD THEY TRY...

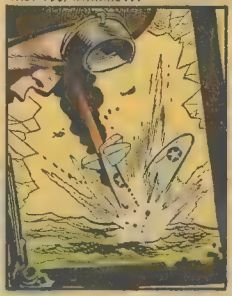


THE 109 ON YOUR TAIL HANGS ON AND THE P-47 ABOVE AND BEHIND IT WHIPS AROUND, ITS GUNS CHATTERING. PARALLEL STREAMS OF FLAME FINGER THE NAZI SHIP... TAT'TOO IT... SUCK FLAME FROM IT...



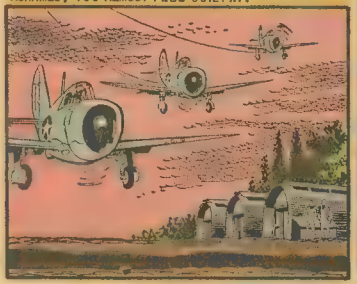
HADLY, YOUR WING MAN, BLASTS THE SHRIEKING DEATH OFF YOUR TAIL. YOU SHOUT INTO YOUR MIKE. YOU KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN, *YOU KNOW!* YOU'RE INDESTRUCTIBLE! BUT THE OTHERS... YOUR FELLOW PILOTS... THEY'RE NOT!

YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO HADLEY. AND THEN, YOU'RE FIGHTING YOUR *THUNDERBOLT*... LOSING ALTITUDE. AS YOU NEAR THE TOSSING SURFACE OF THE CHANNEL, JOHNSON STREAKS PAST YOU, WHINING...



HADLY...JOHNSON...SNUFFED OUT! BUT, YOU? OH, NO! NOT YOU! YOU'RE LUCKY. IT HAPPENS JUST IN TIME... SOMEHOW... AS IT HAS BEFORE... AS IT ALWAYS HAS...

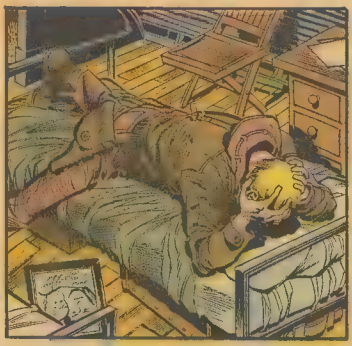
YOU CLIMB... AND THE 109'S ARE GONE. YOU SHAKE YOUR HEAD. OTHER MEN GET SHOT UP! OTHER MEN DIE! BUT YOU LIVE! YOU ALWAYS LIVE! AND YOU'RE ALMOST ASHAMED. YOU ALMOST FEEL GUILTY...



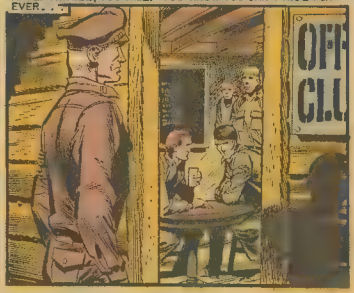
YOU AND TWO OTHERS...THREE OUT OF FIVE... RETURN TO YOUR AIR BASE DEEP IN ENGLAND. AND THE SILENCE THAT DESCENDS OVER THE STRIP SEEMS TO BE ESPECIALLY FOR YOU...

YOU WALK TOWARD YOUR QUARTERS, AND THE E.M. ...THE GROUND CREWS...SEEM TO LOOK RIGHT THROUGH YOU... AS IF ACCUSING YOU...AS IF YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO BE SO LUCKY. THEY'RE NOT... REALLY. YOU KNOW THAT. BUT YOU'RE TIGHT INSIDE. ALL WOUND UP...

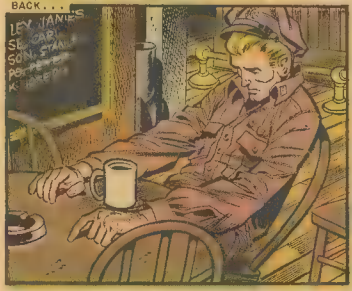
NOBODY ANSWERS. THERE'S JUST THE SILENCE. YOU GO INSIDE...INTO THE QUARTERS YOU SHARED WITH JIM HADLY...



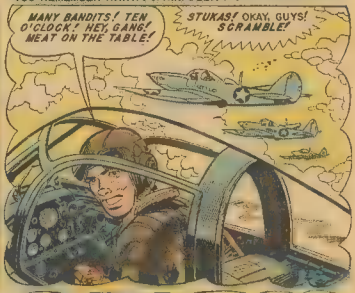
FOR AN HOUR, YOU JUST LIE THERE, FIGHTING BACK THE SOBS. IT'S AS IF... AS IF YOU DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT TO BE ALIVE. YOU CAN'T FACE THE OTHERS. NOT THEN. BUT AFTER AWHILE, YOU RISE. YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T HIDE FOREVER...



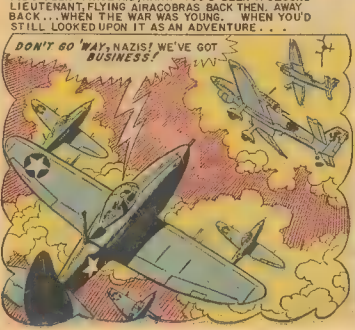
IN THE OFFICERS' CLUB, YOU SIT ALONE, AFTERWARD, AND YOU'RE GLAD THAT NO ONE SPEAKS TO YOU. YOU'RE GLAD THAT THE OTHERS ARE SILENT, AS THEY ALWAYS ARE WHEN MEN THEY'VE KNOWN AND FLOWN WITH DON'T COME BACK...

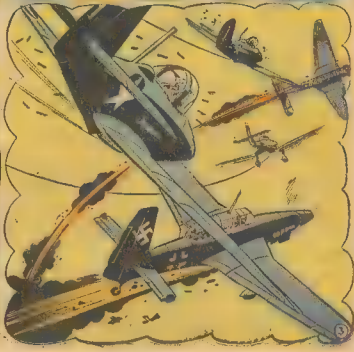


AND THERE ARE SO MANY WHO WON'T COME BACK! THEIR NAMES ARE UP THERE ON THE BOARD... WITH A LINE THROUGH THEM. CHALKED OFF! MORGAN... HART... YOU REMEMBER HART... PAINFULLY...



HE'D BEEN A NICE KID, HART. YOU'D BEEN A SECOND LIEUTENANT, FLYING AIRACOBRAS BACK THEN. AWAY BACK... WHEN THE WAR WAS YOUNG. WHEN YOU'D STILL LOOKED UPON IT AS AN ADVENTURE...





YEAH, HART HAD BEEN A NICE KID. THEY'D ALL BEEN NICE KIDS. BUT, IN A WAR, DEATH MAKES NO SPECIAL CHOICES... NO EXCEPTIONS...

HART!

THE REAR GUNNER OF THE STUKA HAD PLANTED A DIRECT HIT ON HART'S BELL P-39. HE'D PLUMMETED EARTHWARD, AND YOU'D FOLLOWED HIM DOWN...

I'M *OKAY*, ALLISON! *NOT HIT!* THAT SO-AND-SO *JUST CONKED OUT MY ENGINE!*

OKAY, BOY! SEE IF YOU CAN SET HER DOWN. I'LL *COVER* YOU!

SURE, YOU'D COVERED HART, AND THE STUKA ON YOUR TAIL HAD FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT YOU. WHY BOTHER, WHEN HE HAD A SITTING DUCK!?

THUMP!

YOU'D COVERED HART. BUT IF YOU HADN'T... IF YOU HADN'T LED THAT STUKA DOWN AFTER HIM, HE MIGHT BE ALIVE TODAY. AND IT HADN'T HELPED WHEN YOU'D EVENED THE SCORE...

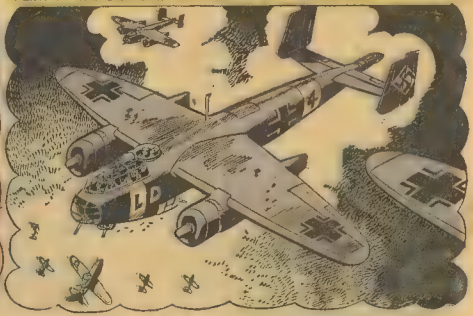
SO MANY HAD DIED. BUT NOT YOU. AFTER A WHILE, YOU'D EVEN BECOME SORT OF A HERO TO THOSE NEW REPLACEMENTS COMING UP...

SO *THAT'S ALLISON!* THE "IRON MAN" HIMSELF, EH, SIR?

THAT'S HIM! *SIXTY-ONE MISSIONS* AND *NOT A* SCRATCH! HE'S *QUITE A PILOT!*

HIS NAME WAS SAXON. HE'D LOOKED AT YOU WITH ADMIRATION AND YOU'D WISE-CRACKED IT OFF...

AT FIRST YOU'D EVEN ENJOYED THE WHISPERED ADMIRATION OF THE REPLACEMENTS AS THEY'D COME IN, BUT ONLY FOR A LITTLE WHILE...



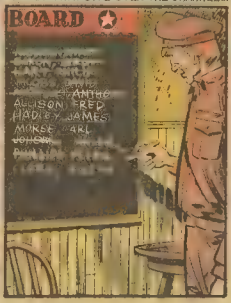
YEAH, SAXON HAD BEEN A NICE KID, TOO. AND A DORNIER 217 HAD BLASTED HIM OUT OF THE SKY...

YOU'D PAID OFF FOR THAT ONE, TOO, 'N ANGRY INCENDIARY STEEL...

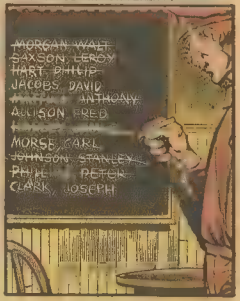
BUT IT HADN'T BROUGHT SAXON BACK...NOR ANY OF THEM. HOW MANY HAD YOU SEEN GO? YOU'D LOST COUNT. YOU'D EVENTUALLY LOST ALL EMOTION, TOO. AFTER THE OTHERS BEGAN TO LOOK AT YOU QUEERLY. AFTER THEY'D BEGUN TO EDGE AWAY. LIKE NOW...

MAYBE MORSE HEARS YOU... BUT HE PRETENDS NOT TO. WELL... YOU CAN'T BLAME HIM, IN A WAY...

WHEN THE COLONEL COMES IN, YOU RISE WITH THE OTHERS. BUT YOU DON'T BELONG. YOU WISH, FOR A MOMENT, THAT YOU'D NEVER PULLED OUT OF THAT DIVE OVER THE CHANNEL...



JOHNSON... GONE! HADLY... GONE! YOU'VE SEEN THIS RITUAL SO MANY TIMES. AND ALWAYS, YOUR NAME REMAINED. WHY? WHY SHOULD FRED ALLISON BE ANY DIFFERENT?



WHY SHOULD YOU BE IGNORED? CAST OUT? YOUR ONLY CRIME IS THAT YOU'VE MANAGED TO SURVIVE... TO STAY ALIVE. WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT? YOU WANT TO SHOUT IT OUT! BUT YOU DON'T! YOU JUST STAND THERE AND STARE AS THE COLONEL CHALKS OUT THE LAST NAME...

...AND TURNS TO LEAVE. SUDDENLY, SOMETHING VERY MUCH LIKE FEAR CLAMPS AROUND YOUR HEART. YOU RUSH TO THE DOOR... TO INTERCEPT HIM... CUT HIM OFF... TELL HIM HOW WRONG HE IS...

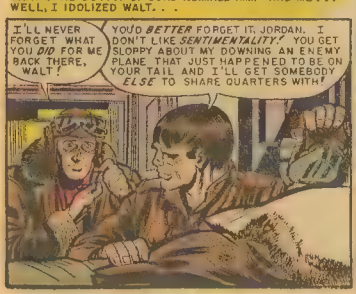
AND SUDDENLY, YOU UNDERSTAND WHY NO ONE HAS SPOKEN TO YOU. WHY NO ONE HAS COME NEAR YOU. WHEN THE C.O. WALKS RIGHT THROUGH YOU... YOU UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY...

THE JERRIES PULLED AN ACE AND WENT FOR THE TRICK, BUT WE OF THE 8TH SQUADRON FIGURED WE HELD THE TOP HAND. WE PLANNED ON BEATING THAT ACE IN A GAME IN WHICH...

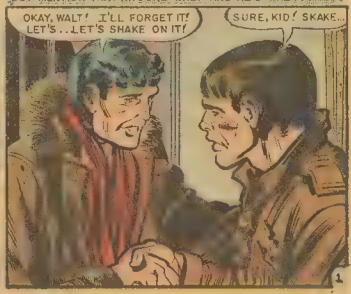
SPADS WERE TRUMP

I WAS A GREEN KID THAT DAY IN APRIL, '18... GREEN IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE. IT WAS MY FIRST COMBAT DOGFIGHT.. AND BEFORE I KNEW IT, THERE WAS THIS PFALZ D-3 ON MY BACK. I COULDN'T SHAKE HIM. I TRIED EVERY STUNT IN THE BOOK... AND A FEW MORE I MADE UP IN THE PANIC OF THE MOMENT. BUT THAT HEINIE HUNG ON AND KEPT PUMPING SPANDAU STEEL AT ME. SO I TRIED PRAYERS... AND LT. WALT MULLER ANSWERED THEM. HE CAME DOWN ON THE PFALZ FROM OUT OF THE SUN, AND OLD FRITZ NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM...

I FOUND OUT LATER I WASN'T THE FIRST GUY WALT HAD GOTTEN OUT OF HOT WATER. HE WAS COLD AND EFFICIENT AT THIS FIGHTING BUSINESS... A FLYING ICEBERG. YEP, THAT SPAD OUTFIT OF OURS ADMIRED HIM. AND ME... WELL, I IDOLIZED WALT...

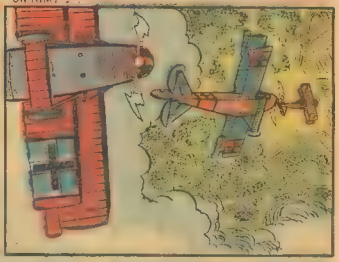


IF WALT MULLER HAD ONE FAULT, IT WAS OVER-MODESTY. *JAGSTAFFEL II'S* COMMANDANT, COLONEL ERNST ROEGEN, LOST A LOT OF HIS TOP ACES TO WALT'S VICKERS GUNS, BUT MENTION THAT AROUND WALT AND HE'D WALK AWAY...



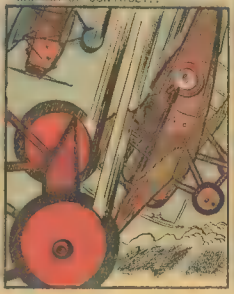
NOT THAT WALT WASN'T SOCIABLE! AFTER A SCRAP, HE'D HEAD FOR THE CANTEEN AND BEER IT UP WITH THE REST OF US. HE'D EVEN TALK SHOP, PROVIDING NOBODY TRIED TO MAKE A HERO OUT OF HIM...

WALT WOULDN'T EVEN MARK HIS "KILLS" ON THE SIDE OF HIS SHIP LIKE THE OTHER GUYS DID. BUT THE BOCHE KNEW WALT'S SPAD, AND OL' COLONEL ROEGEN KEPT SENDING UP HIS BEST BOYS TO BRING WALT DOWN. ONCE, WHEN WALT WAS ON PATROL, TWO FOKKERS ANGLED DOWN ON HIM...



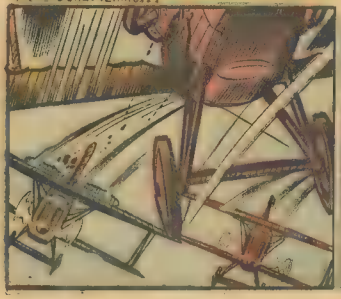
HE NEVER SAW THE TWO BOCHE PLANES... NEVER SAW THEM DROP OUT OF THE CLOUDS... DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THEY WERE THERE, TILL SPANDAU SLUGS STARTED HAILING DOWN AROUND HIM...

THEN HE WENT INTO ACTION. HE LEANED ON HIS JOYSTICK... POURED ON SAUCE... AND PUT HIS SPAD INTO A VRILLE. THE FOKKER BOYS TORE DOWN PAST HIM TO MAKE SURE HE WAS OUT OF CONTROL...

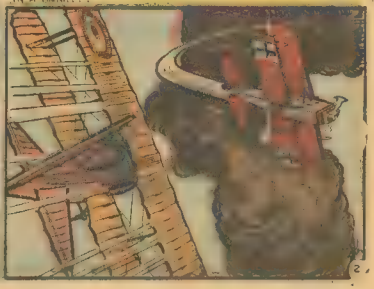


THAT WAS WHEN WALT YANKED BACK ON THE STICK. THE SPAD SHUDDERED, THEN CLIMBED AT A STEEP ANGLE...

WHEN THE JERRIES PULLED OUT AND STARTED BACK UP, WING TO WING, WALT WAS NOSING DOWN AGAIN, HIS VICKERS CHATTERING...



THE FOKKER ON THE LEFT BLEW UP LIKE A FIRE CRACKER ON THE FOURTH OF JULY. THE ONE ON THE RIGHT PEELED OFF. WALT KICKED RUDDER AND LET HIM HAVE IT WHILE HE WAS STILL IN A BANK...

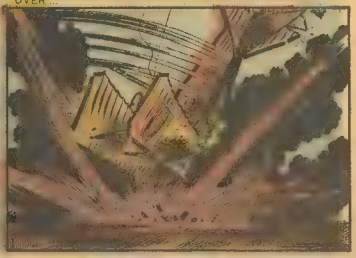


MAYBE WALT WOULD'VE TOLD US ABOUT THAT ACTION... AND MAYBE NOT. WE GOT CONFIRMATION ON THE VICTORIES FROM A FRENCH MAJOR ON THE GROUND WHO'D WITNESSED IT, EVEN BEFORE WALT REACHED THE 'DRONE...

THAT'S WALT'S SPAD *NOW!* I'D LIKE TO *CONGRATULATE* THE GUY, BUT I'M AFRAID HE'LL GIVE ME THAT *FISHY STARE* OF HIS AND *WALK AWAY!* HE'S A FUNNY GUY, JORDAN!

YEAH! A FEW DOZEN *MORE* FUNNY GUYS LIKE WALT ON OUR SIDE AND WE'D FINISH THIS WAR OFF *FAST!* THAT MAN'S NOT AFRAID OF *ANYTHING THAT FLIES!*

BUT THAT ISN'T THE WHOLE STORY ABOUT WALT MULLER . ONLY THE BACKGROUND. THE REAL STORY BEGAN THE NEXT MORNING, AN EIGHT-MAN PATROL, INCLUDING WALT, TOOK OFF AT DAWN. BUT WALT'S SPAD HIT A ROCK, WRECKED THE UNDERCARRIAGE, AND FLIPPED OVER...



YOU ALL RIGHT, LT. MULLER?

SURE! GREAT! I LIKE HANGING UPSIDE DOWN LIKE THIS! STOP ASKING DUMB QUESTIONS, HOGAN, AND GET ME UNHOOKED FROM THIS SAFETY BELT!

THE REST OF THE MORNING, WALT AND I SAT AROUND THE REC HALL, TALKING. HE WAS IN A GOOD MOOD...THAT IS, UNTIL THE PATROL CAME BACK... OR RATHER WHAT WAS LEFT OF IT...

WE SURE *NEEDED* YOU UP THERE THIS TIME, WALT! WE RAN INTO A *HORNETS' NEST!* HE GOT HAMILTON AND COBB...

WHAT?! WHO GOT 'EM, SMITTY?

SOME *NEW ACE,* FLYING FOR JAGSTAFFEL II! HE'S GOT NO MORE ROOM FOR *VICTORY INSIGNIAS* ON HIS PLANE! HE'S *DANGEROUS,* WALT... *A TOP-NOTCH PILOT!* FLIES A FOKKER WITH A *RED EAGLE* PAINTED ON ITS SIDE...

THE "RED EAGLE"!?

SOMEBODY GASPED IT OUT LIKE THE WORDS WERE POISON. "THE RED EAGLE" MEANT NOTHING TO ME AT THE TIME... BUT WALT WENT CHALK WHITE AT THE MENTION OF HIS NAME...

THEN HE TURNED ON HIS HEELS AND WENT OUT. .

WHAT THE HECK IS EATING *WALT?* HEY, WHO *IS* THIS "RED EAGLE", ANYWAY?

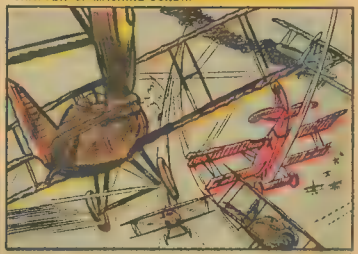
NONE OTHER THAN ONE OF HUNLAND'S *TOP ACES* AND IF I DIDN'T KNOW WALT *BETTER,* I'D SAY HE'S NOT ANXIOUS TO *TANGLE* WITH HIM!

YOU TRYING TO SAY WALT MULLER IS *AFRAID,* MITCHELL?!

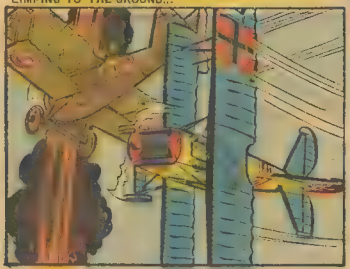
I'M NOT SAYING *ANYTHING,* JORDAN! ONLY LET'S WAIT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY MEET TWELVE THOUSAND FEET UP!

WELL, WE DIDN'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG FOR THE CHANCE. THE NEXT MORNING, THE 8TH'S C.O. SENT UP A DOZEN OF US TO SHOOT UP *JAGSTAFFEL II'S DROME*...

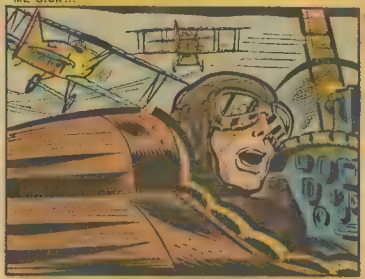
A HEINIE BALLOON OBSERVER MUST HAVE SEEN OUR SQUADRON AND REPORTED AHEAD, BECAUSE BEFORE WE REACHED JAGSTAFFEL II, A SWARM OF PFALZES AND FOKKERS INTERCEPTED US...AND THE AIR WAS SUDDENLY ECHOING WITH THE SCREAM OF STRUT WIRES AND THE CHATTER OF MACHINE GUNS...



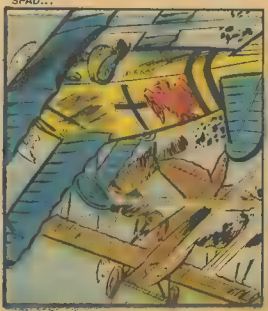
THEN I SPOTTED THAT SHIP...THE FOKKER WITH THE RED EAGLE EMBLEM ON ITS SIDE! I NEVER SAW SUCH FLYING! RIGHT OFF, HE SENT PETE PETERSON'S SPAD LIMPING TO THE GROUND...



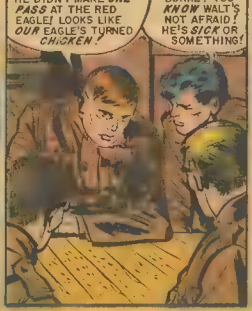
NEXT, THE RED EAGLE GOT PAUL WIGGINS IN HIS SIGHTS. I LOOKED AROUND FOR WALT. AND WHAT I SAW MADE ME SICK...

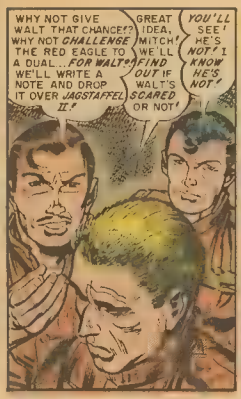


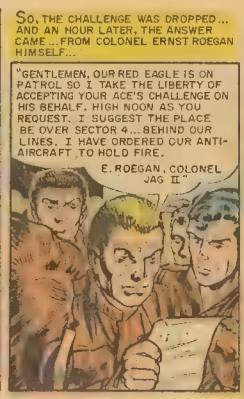
WHILE THE REST OF US HAD OUR HANDS FULL, WALT JUST MADE A FEW FEEBLE PASSES AT THE ENEMY. MOSTLY, HE FLEW AROUND THE FRINGE OF THE FRACAS. SO, THIRTY SECONDS LATER, THE RED EAGLE KNOCKED A WING OFF PAUL WIGGINS' SPAD...



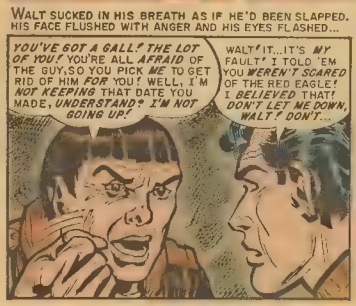
ALL IN ALL, ONLY SEVEN OF OUR PATROL LIMPED BACK TO AERO 8. IT WAS A DEMORALIZED BUNCH THAT SAT IN THE REC HALL LATER...

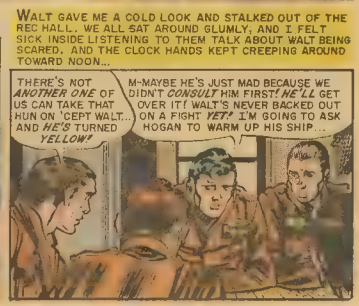


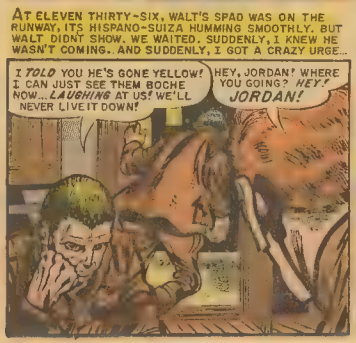

WHY NOT GIVE WALT THAT CHANCE? WHY NOT CHALLENGE THE RED EAGLE TO A DUAL.. FOR WALT WE'LL WRITE A NOTE AND DROP IT OVER JAGSTAFFEL II!
GREAT IDEA, MITCH! WE'LL FIND OUT IF WALT'S SCARED OR NOT!
YOU'LL SEE! HE'S NOT! I KNOW HE'S NOT!

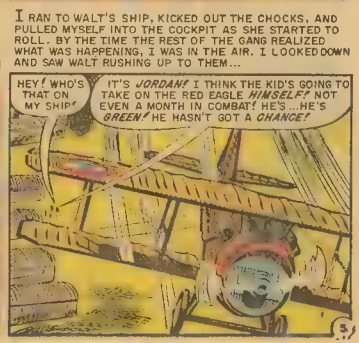

SO, THE CHALLENGE WAS DROPPED... AND AN HOUR LATER, THE ANSWER CAME... FROM COLONEL ERNST ROEGAN HIMSELF...
"GENTLEMEN, OUR RED EAGLE IS ON PATROL SO I TAKE THE LIBERTY OF ACCEPTING YOUR ACE'S CHALLENGE ON HIS BEHALF. HIGH NOON AS YOU REQUEST. I SUGGEST THE PLACE BE OVER SECTOR 4... BEHIND OUR LINES. I HAVE ORDERED OUR ANTI-AIRCRAFT TO HOLD FIRE.
E. ROEGAN, COLONEL JAG II"

AS SMITTY FINISHED READING THE LETTER, WALT CAME PUFFING UP...
THOUGHT I HEARD A D-3 BUZZ A FEW MINUTES AGO! WHAT'S UP?
WE GOT YOU A FIGHT, WALT! WE CHALLENGED THE RED EAGLE TO A DUEL WITH OUR TOP ACE... AND COLONEL ROEGAN HIMSELF TOOK US UP ON IT!


WALT SUCKED IN HIS BREATH AS IF HE'D BEEN SLAPPED. HIS FACE FLUSHED WITH ANGER AND HIS EYES FLASHED...
YOU'VE GOT A GALL! THE LOT OF YOU! YOU'RE ALL AFRAID OF THE GUY, SO YOU PICK ME TO GET RID OF HIM FOR YOU! WELL, I'M NOT KEEPING THAT DATE YOU MADE, UNDERSTAND? I'M NOT GOING UP!
WALT! IT... IT'S MY FAULT! I TOLD 'EM YOU WEREN'T SCARED OF THE RED EAGLE! I BELIEVED THAT! DON'T LET ME DOWN, WALT! DON'T...

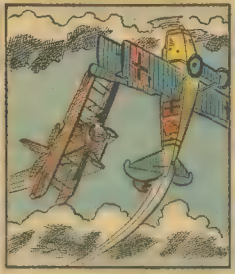

WALT GAVE ME A COLD LOOK AND STALKED OUT OF THE REC HALL. WE ALL SAT AROUND GLUMLY, AND I FELT SICK INSIDE LISTENING TO THEM TALK ABOUT WALT BEING SCARED. AND THE CLOCK HANDS KEPT CREEPING AROUND TOWARD NOON...
THERE'S NOT ANOTHER ONE OF US CAN TAKE THAT HUN ON 'CEPT WALT... AND HE'S TURNED YELLOW!
M-MAYBE HE'S JUST MAD BECAUSE WE DIDN'T CONSULT HIM FIRST! HE'LL GET OVER IT! WALT'S NEVER BACKED OUT ON A FIGHT YET! I'M GOING TO ASK HOGAN TO WARM UP HIS SHIP...


AT ELEVEN THIRTY-SIX, WALT'S SPAD WAS ON THE RUNWAY, ITS HISPANO-SUIZA HUMMING SMOOTHLY. BUT WALT DIDN'T SHOW. WE WAITED. SUDDENLY, I KNEW HE WASN'T COMING. AND SUDDENLY, I GOT A CRAZY URGE...
I TOLD YOU HE'S GONE YELLOW! I CAN JUST SEE THEM BOCHE NOW... LAUGHING AT US! WE'LL NEVER LIVE IT DOWN!
HEY, JORDAN! WHERE YOU GOING? HEY! JORDAN!


I RAN TO WALT'S SHIP, KICKED OUT THE CHOCKS, AND PULLED MYSELF INTO THE COCKPIT AS SHE STARTED TO ROLL. BY THE TIME THE REST OF THE GANG REALIZED WHAT WAS HAPPENING, I WAS IN THE AIR. I LOOKED DOWN AND SAW WALT RUSHING UP TO THEM...
HEY! WHO'S THAT ON MY SHIP!
IT'S JORDAN! I THINK THE KID'S GOING TO TAKE ON THE RED EAGLE HIMSELF! NOT EVEN A MONTH IN COMBAT! HE'S... HE'S GREEN! HE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE!

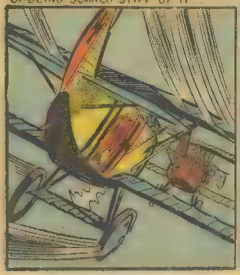
THE RED EAGLE WAS CIRCLING SLOWLY AT EIGHT THOUSAND FEET OVER THE APPOINTED SPOT, LIKE A BIRD OF PREY. HE BANKED WIDE... PULLED ALONGSIDE...AND TOOK A GOOD LOOK AT ME...

JERRY MUST HAVE KNOWN I WASN'T WALT BY MY ASH-WHITE FACE. HE KINDA GRINNED AND ROLLED HIS FOKKER AWAY. I KICKED RUDDER TO SWING AFTER HIM, BUT HE WAS ALREADY IN A TIGHT INSIDE LOOP...

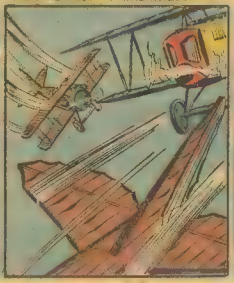


NEXT THING I KNEW, HE WAS ON MY TAIL AND INCENDIARY SLUGS WERE FANNING HOT PAST MY CHEEKS...

HE STARTED PLAYING CAT AND MOUSE WITH ME. THE WAY HE HUNG BEHIND ME, YOU'D THINK I WAS TOWING HIM. OH, HOW I WISHED I WAS ON THE GROUND, THEN, WHERE I COULD BE ADMIRING THE MAN'S FLYING INSTEAD OF BEING SCARED STIFF OF IT...



SOME SLUGS RIPPED INTO MY INSTRUMENT PANEL, AND I THOUGHT IT WAS CURTAINS FOR ME. BUT THEN, SUDDENLY...ANOTHER SPAD STREAKED IN FROM OUT OF NOWHERE. I KNEW THAT FLYING! IT WAS *WALT!*



HE CUT BETWEEN US AND TOOK ON THE RED EAGLE FOR HIMSELF. I JUST CIRCLED AROUND, WATCHING. OH, WHAT A DOG FIGHT THAT WAS! WALT FINALLY GOT ON HIS TAIL AND POURED ON THE STEEL...

...AND THE RED EAGLE WAS NO MORE! HIS SHIP STREAKED EARTHWARD...ITS ENGINE GONE... ITS FUEL TANK AFLAME...

I FOLLOWED WALT BACK TO THE DROME MEEKLY. HE WAS LIKE ICE. BUT LATER, WHEN I WENT INTO THE QUARTERS WE SHARED, I FOUND HIM CRYING...

WALT'S BRIEF ANSWER TOLD THE WHOLE STORY OF WHY HE HADN'T WANTED TO TANGLE WITH THE RED EAGLE...

THE END

THE ENTERTAINMENT BOX

FILM GUIDE

Alfred Hitchcock is considered filmland's M.S. (Master of Suspense), a degree he earned during the past twenty years with such film masterpieces as "The Lady Vanishes."

In his latest offering, TO CATCH A THIEF, he mixes many palatable ingredients. Somehow suspense is outspiced by the photography and the dialogue.

TO CATCH A THIEF stars Cary Grant and Grace Kelly. It was filmed on the Riviera . . . and the scenery is the kind that will make you want to save your pennies to get there someday.

The story, which has to do with the return of a notorious thief, "The Cat," is very involved and sometimes very puzzling. However it serves as a good showcase for the lovely scenes of the South of France, the lovely views of Grace Kelly, and the amusing chase and love scenes with Grant and Kelly.

There are many good laughs in the role played by Jessie Royce Landis and the multi-millionaire aunt, who got that wealthy when oil was discovered in her back yard, and who scorns the pretense and hypocrisy of so-called high society.

ACES HIGH readers will note that there is a plane in this picture. You see it for eleven seconds . . . but you know it is there for Brigette Auber displays her legs for the pilot to distract his attention from a search he is making. Oh, well . . .

RECORD GUIDE

One trouble with original cast albums is that the musical shows sometimes close before the album is released.

Such was the case with "Seventh Heaven." It was a very expensive, very attractive show. But somehow, it lulled its audience to sleep.

Now Decca has released its album. The album, like the show, stars Gloria De Haven and Ricardo Montalban. It features Robert Clary. When you listen to the record, it seems somehow that it lulls you to sleep. So, you know this is the authentic original cast and musical score!

Another show which will probably have closed when you read this is "Ankles Away." Some people think the trouble with this show is that it opened before it closed.

Decca has this original cast album too.

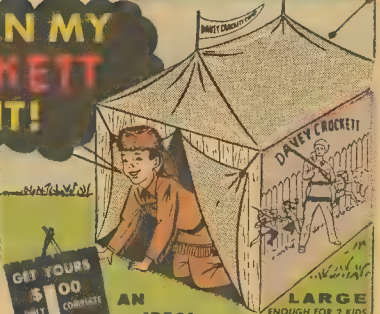
Now, oddly, this album features people who don't do as good a job as people who replaced them when they left the show.

For instance, Jane Kean sings many of the songs on the album. But Georgia Reed who replaced her (and who is not on the album) did a much better job.

That's show business for you: that's the way it is.

HI KIDS! GET IN MY DAVY CROCKETT PLAYHOUSE TENT!

Davy Crockett Frontier life is here for your kiddies to thrill and enjoy in this large size Davy Crockett playhouse tent. Think of it! In your own back yard where the kiddies can play safely you can set this tent up in a jiffy for frontier and pioneer enjoyment. Even set it up in the house on rainy days. It's a full 10 ft. around. Large enough for your kiddies to play in with their friends. Presto Chango you set it up in seconds. No tools needed. Slips over any standard card table. Made of sturdy, durable, washable, safe—flameproof DuPont plastic. The realistic Davy Crockett design adds a picturesque touch of realism. Now, for the first time, can your kiddies live in the great outdoors just like America's favorite hero Davy Crockett. This Davy Crockett playhouse tent brings the wild wooley West right to your door. Rush your order while supplies are available at the low price of $1.00 for your complete Davy Crockett playhouse tent.



10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Order your giant Davy Crockett playhouse tent at our risk. Set it up and let the kiddies play with it. If not delighted return in 10 days for full refund of the purchase price. Supplies are limited. Price is $1.00 plus 25c for postage, packing and handling. Only 3 to a customer. Rush coupon now before this offer is withdrawn.

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ARE YOU EARNING AS MUCH AS $10.00 IN A DAY JUST FOR YOUR SPARE TIME?

In their first week, spare time, Opal Vance, earned $78.73; S. Long earned $81.06. Others earned equally exceptional sums—and more!

MY AMAZING PLAN HAS BROUGHT MANY MEN AND WOMEN SUCH SWEEPING SUCCESS THEY TELL IT UNBELIEVABLE—YET A POSITIVE FACT—AND I CAN OFFER YOU THE SAME EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY!

By L. LOWELL WILKIN

MY UNUSUAL PLAN is a sure-fire money-maker if you have either *spare time* or *full time* to devote to a most unusual opportunity. You can become a part of a million dollar industry which has grown tremendously in the last four years.

Mr. Richard Peters of Penna. made $63.94 the first week in spare time. Mrs. Virgil Hickman of Tenn. turned her spare time into $74.97 earnings her very first week. Our plan of operation is so amazing that it is a positive fact that hundreds of men and women are regularly making exceptional earnings like this *in only spare time—and in the very first week!*

Let me tell you right here, before I go any further, that you do not need to take my word for this. I will have a number of people write direct to you themselves and tell you how delighted and pleased they are with the work. Mrs. J. B. Weaver of Ohio says, "I earned a beautiful Plymouth Deluxe 4-Door Sedan, in 4½ months and only worked *part time!*" Chas. Mills of Minn., wrote that he earned as high as $120 in one week and he has received two new cars as bonuses. *I can furnish you a car, too.* I actually give new Fords, Plymouths and Chevrolets to producers as a bonus *in addition to your regular earnings!* If you have just some spare time you can earn a nice weekly sum of extra money and get a car, too, in only a short time.

You don't need to have a good education. I have taken factory hands, clerks, housewives, miners, farm hands and men and women from all walks of life and started them without a *minute's previous experience.* No investment in stock is required. Wesley Coleman wrote: "You can't imagine the thrill it gives me to earn a new car in less than three months." J. Marier of New York also got a brand new Plymouth as a bonus in less than three months.

Perhaps you are wondering how these people make so much money. You know that *holes, snags, and runs* are constantly ruining Nylon hosiery causing tremendous expense and utter disgust to millions of women. Then imagine the most sheer and beautiful Nylons which will give such long wear that we can definitely *guarantee they will be replaced* with new hosiery *free* if they do not wear without holes, snags or runs, up to 9 months time, depending upon the number of pairs. This is a most *remarkable opportunity* for you to make money, just showing samples of our Nylons to friends and neighbors, explaining the guarantee, and mailing in the orders they will give you.

My company is one of the largest and oldest of its kind in the world, but we do not disclose our name until you write to us because we do not want "outsiders" to know what our Neighborhood Dealers actually earn. But if *you* are interested, I'll mail you copies of *sworn statements* showing the exceptional earnings which they made. Mrs. Webb of Iowa wrote that she *earned* $37.10 in only 9 hours; we have given her *three new cars*—a Chrysler and two Chevrolets as bonuses. She traded in an old car on each for a small amount and we paid all the balance. We also gave her brother *two* new cars in same manner. He earned $25.00 in only one day.

Simply mail coupon below. The complete details of my propsition will be sent to you FREE, so that you can judge for yourself what easy and big cash profits you can make either in your spare time of full time. *Please state the size of hose you wear.* Don't fail to get full details immediately before someone else in your locality does! If you want *an extra big cash income,* let me show you how easy it is to get it. Mail the coupon or send a postcard right away.

L. Lowell Wilkin
A-6158 Midway, Greenfield, Ohio

L. Lowell Wilkin
A-6158 Midway,
Greenfield, Ohio

Please rush me all facts about your *guaranteed hosiery* money-making plan and *new car* offer. Everything you send me now is *free*.

My hose size is .....

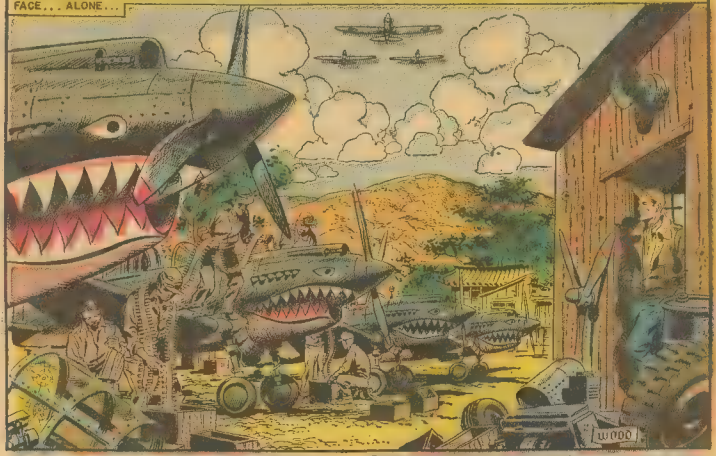
Name .....

Address .....

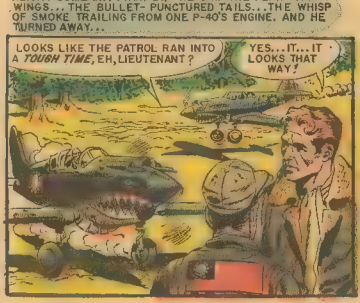
City ..... *Zone* ..... *State* .....

ORDEAL

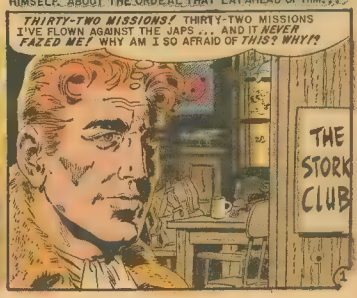
STONER STOOD, ALONE, IN THE READY ROOM. OUTSIDE, ON THE FIELD, HE COULD HEAR THE MURMUR OF ANXIOUS VOICES... ENGLISH MINGLING WITH SING-SONG CHINESE. OUTSIDE, HE COULD HEAR THE ENGINES ROARING. AND WHEN HE STEPPED TO THE DOORWAY, HE COULD EVEN SEE HIS OWN SHIP ON THE LINE, WITH THE GROUND CREW BOYS FEEDING LONG RIBBONS OF .50'S INTO ITS THOMPSONS, GETTING IT READY. AND STONER SHIVERED. HE WAS ALONE. ALONE... AND AFRAID. THE IRONY OF IT. A MAN TRAVELS HALFWAY 'ROUND THE WORLD TO FIGHT FOR SOMETHING HE BELIEVES IN, AND SUDDENLY HIS HANDS ARE ICE... HIS INSIDES KNOTTED. BECAUSE THE NEXT FEW HOURS ARE SOMETHING HE JUST CAN'T FACE... ALONE...



HE STOOD IN THE DOORWAY, WATCHING THE MORNING FLIGHT COME IN... TAXI BY, HE SAW THE FLAK TORN WINGS... THE BULLET-PUNCTURED TAILS... THE WHISP OF SMOKE TRAILING FROM ONE P-40'S ENGINE. AND HE TURNED AWAY...



STONER SHUDDERED. BUT IT WASN'T THE RIDDLED PATROL HE WAS THINKING ABOUT. STONER WAS THINKING ABOUT HIMSELF. ABOUT THE ORDEAL THAT LAY AHEAD OF HIM...



BUT, DEEP DOWN, STONER KNEW WHY. HE EVEN KNEW WHEN. IN A WAY, THE ORDEAL HE NOW FACED HAD BEGUN A LONG TIME AGO... BACK IN THE STATES...

SO YOU WANT TO RESIGN YOUR COMMISSION IN THE AIR CORPS, LIEUTENANT! WHAT, MAY I ASK, IS YOUR REASON?

IT'S SIMPLE, SIR. I'M JOINING UP WITH GENERAL CHENAULT'S FLYING TIGERS!

THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER GROUP, EH? I SEE! A FINE COLLECTION OF PILOTS, I'VE HEARD!

THE BEST, SIR! FLYING WITH THEM WILL BE A PRIVILEGE. AMERICA WILL PROBABLY BE FIGHTING JAPAN SOON, ANYWAY! I JUST FIGURE TO GET STARTED EARLY!

STONER REMEMBERED. HE REMEMBERED THE GROUP THAT TRAVELED ACROSS THE PACIFIC AND INTO ASIA TO THE FLYING TIGER BASE. AND HE'D BEEN ONE OF THEM...

WELCOME TO CHINA, GENTLEMEN...

THAT WAS ALL THERE WAS TO IT, REALLY. ALWAYS, THERE'D BEEN THE GROUP. THE SENSE OF CAMERADERIE. THE TIGERS WERE A UNIT. THEY FOUGHT AS ONE. THEY LOOKED OUT FOR THEIR OWN. STONER HAD LEARNED THAT ALMOST AT ONCE...

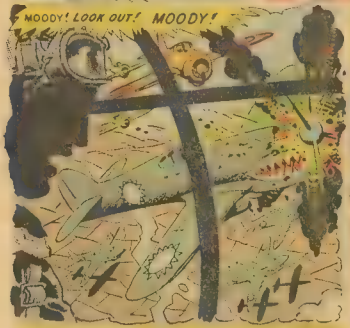
HE'D LEARNED THAT DURING HIS FIRST DOGFIGHT WITH THE SLEEK FAST MANEUVERABLE ZEROS... WHEN MOODY HAD INTERCEPTED THE JAP DIVING ON HIM... THE JAP HE NEVER EVEN SAW UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE...

MOODY HAD SAVED HIS LIFE... AND STONER HAD REALIZED THE VALUE OF COOPERATION. HE'D LEARNED HOW MUCH THE TIGERS DEPENDED UPON EACH OTHER...

STONER HAD FOUGHT FOR CHINA, YES. BUT HE'D FOUGHT FOR THE THRILL OF IT, TOO. FOR THE DANGER... THE EXCITEMENT... THE BLOOD RACING THROUGH HIS VEINS. HE'D FOUGHT HARD AND PLAYED HARD...

THOSE HAD BEEN GREAT DAYS. THE CHINESE HAD BEEN GRATEFUL TO THE FOREIGNERS WHO WERE HELPING THEM RID THEIR LAND OF THE SCOURGE OF THE RISING SUN...

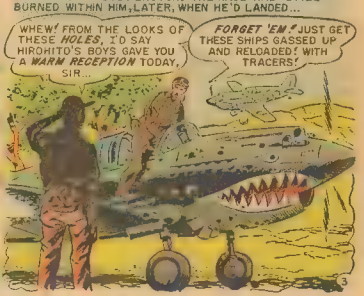
THEY'D BEEN A RECKLESS BUNCH, THE TIGERS, SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE. CLOSE. THAT WAS WHY IT HAD HURT SO MUCH THAT DAY OVER THE RICE PADDIES, WHEN THE ZERO'S DROPPED OUT OF THE SUN...



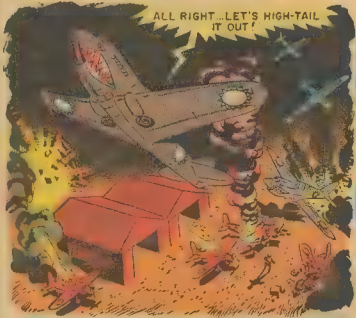
STONER HAD WATCHED MOODY'S SHIP SHUDDER... THEN DROP AWAY, SPINNING EARTHWARD. MOODY! HIS BUDDY! HIS PAL! THE GUY WHO'D SAVED HIS LIFE! GONE! THE SKY HAD TURNED RED WITH THE RAGE WITHIN HIM *THEN*...

HE'D KICKED RUDDER, STICKED RIGHT, AND PEELED INTO THE JAP FLIGHT... HIS WING GUNS CHATTERING... SPITTING FORTH ANGRY STEEL... AVENGING STEEL...

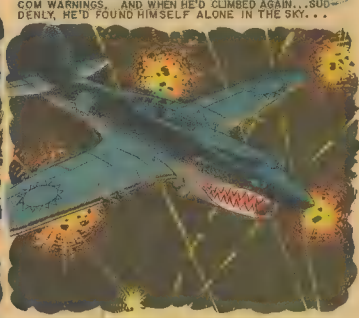
STONER HAD BEEN AN AVENGING DEMON THAT DAY. HE'D SENT THREE ZEROS TO THE RICE PADDIES FAR BELOW. BUT IT HADN'T BEEN ENOUGH. THE RAGE HAD STILL BURNED WITHIN HIM, LATER, WHEN HE'D LANDED...



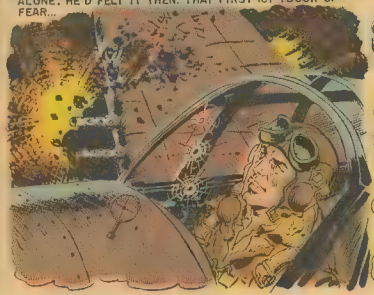
TIGER TRACER BULLETS HAD FLAMED A PATTERN OF REVENGE ACROSS THE JAP FIELD. AND THE JAP ANTI-AIRCRAFT HAD COME ALIVE...



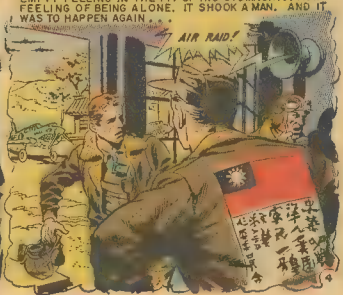
THAT'S WHEN IT HAPPENED. STONER HAD ZOOMED, BANKED, AND SCREAMED BACK DOWN... STRAFING LOW... IN SPITE OF THE ACK-ACK... IN SPITE OF THE SQUAWKING INTER-COM WARNINGS. AND WHEN HE'D CLIMBED AGAIN... SUDDENLY, HE'D FOUND HIMSELF ALONE IN THE SKY...



HIS SHIP HAD ROCKED WITH FLAK BURSTS. METAL HAD TORN FROM HIS WINGS. BUT WORST OF ALL, HE'D BEEN ALONE. HE'D FELT IT THEN. THAT FIRST ICY TOUCH OF FEAR...



SOMEHOW, STONER HAD MADE IT BACK TO THE BASE. AND THE RAGE WAS GONE. THERE WAS ONLY THAT EMPTY FEELING IN THE PIT OF HIS STOMACH... THAT FEELING OF BEING ALONE. IT SHOOK A MAN. AND IT WAS TO HAPPEN AGAIN...



BOMBERS!
HIT THE DIRT!
THE JAPS HAD COME IN WAVES. THEIR BOMBS HAD BLANKETED THE FIELD. BUT STONER HADN'T BEEN AFRAID. NOT THEN. . .
GET A MESSAGE THROUGH TO THE FIELD AT TAI-LIAN! TELL THEM TO SEND FIGHTERS! WE'LL BE LUCKY IF WE CAN GET A SINGLE SHIP INTO THE AIR HERE! THIS LOOKS LIKE A SATURATION RAID!
HEY, GUYS! DID YOU HEAR THAT?
WE HEARD. SO WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR!? LET'S GO!
NO! STONER HAD NOT BEEN AFRAID. NOT UNTIL HE'D LIFTED HIS P-40'S WHEELS FROM THE POCK-MARKED RUNWAY. NOT UNTIL HE'D REALIZED THAT HE WAS ALONE AGAIN...ALL ALONE. . .

THEN, IT HAD TOUCHED HIM AGAIN! THE ICY FINGER. BUT, HE'D SHAKEN IT OFF. HE'D ROARED INTO THE JAP BETTYS... A GNAT STABBING AT GIANT WASPS... A WHIRLING DUST MOTE IN A SEA OF FLAME...

STONER HAD BEEN ALONE... KNOWING THAT HE COULD EXPECT NO HELP... NO COMFORTING COMPANIONSHIP. YET, SOMEHOW, HE'D FOUND THE STRENGTH TO DO WHAT HAD TO BE DONE.

SOMEHOW, HE MANAGED TO STAY ALIVE... ROLLING, DIVING, GUNS SPITTING, TAKING THEIR TOLL OF THE ENEMY...

SOMEHOW, STONER HAD MANAGED TO DISRUPT THE ATTACK... BREAKING THE ENEMY FORMATION... SPOILING THEIR BOMB RUNS... UNTIL THE FLIGHT HAD ARRIVED FROM TAI-LIAN...

IN THE END, THE ENEMY HAD STREAKED FOR HOME... AND THE PILOTS HAD CROWDED AROUND STONER WHEN HE'D BROUGHT HIS RIDDLED P-40 IN...

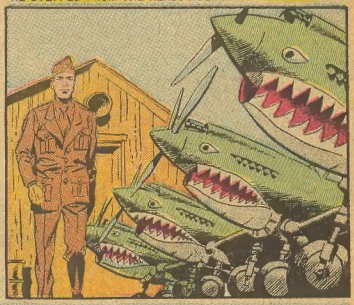
BROTHER... DID *YOU* DO A JOB!

THAT'S *SHOWIN'* 'EM, STONEY!

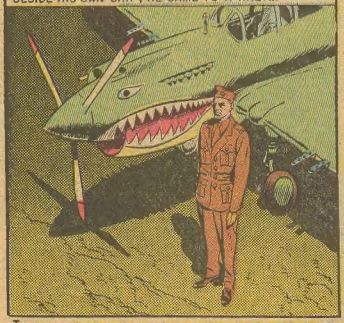
WHAT A MAN!

AND NOW...AGAIN...STONER WAS ALONE. AND AGAIN, THE ICY FINGER OF FEAR REACHED OUT AND TOUCHED HIM. BEFORE, THE LONELINESS HAD COME SUDDENLY. BUT THIS WAS DIFFERENT. THIS TIME, STONER'D HAD DAYS IN WHICH TO LOOK FORWARD TO IT...

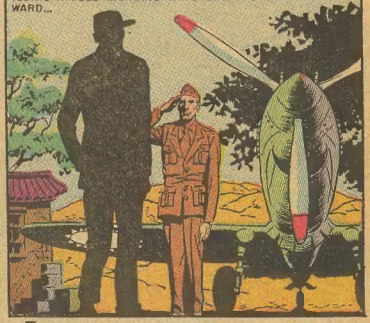
THIS TIME, HE'D KNOWN WHAT TO EXPECT. THIS TIME HE *KNEW* HE'D BE ALONE. AND THE FEAR GRIPPED HIM AS HE STEPPED FROM THE READY ROOM...



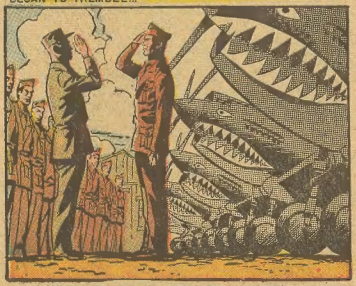
HE WALKED STIFFLY...ERECTLY...PAST THE CURIOUS STARES...ACROSS THE FIELD...DOWN TO THE LINE. AND BESIDE HIS OWN SHIP, HE CAME TO A HALT...



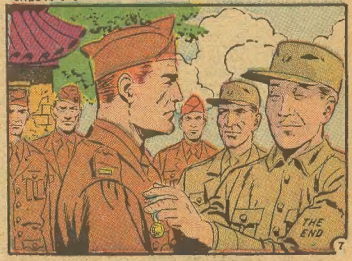
FOR A MOMENT, NO ONE STIRRED. THIS WAS A SOLEMN MOMENT. A FRIGHTENING MOMENT. IT WAS THE GENERALISSIMO HIMSELF...CHIANG-KAI-SHEK...WHO STEPPED FORWARD...



IT WAS THE GENERALISSIMO HIMSELF WHO RETURNED STONER'S NERVOUS SALUTE, AND THAT WAS THE WORST MOMENT OF ALL. THAT WAS WHEN STONER ACTUALLY BEGAN TO TREMBLE...



THAT WAS WHEN THE EYES OF EVERY MAN IN THE FLYING TIGERS WERE ON STONER. EVEN THE EYES OF GENERAL CHENNAULT! STONER FELT NAKED AND HELPLESS. IT WAS EVEN MORE FRIGHTENING THEN HE'D EXPECTED...WHEN THE GENERALISSIMO PINNED THE MEDAL ON HIS HEAVING CHEST...



Hi Pal! Win $100 as I just did!

Come on, Buddy, Quit being A BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was

IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY YOU Can do ALL I did!

I gained 25 Terrific LBS. of HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES all over!

I improved my HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%

I won NEW STRENGTH for money-making work! for WINNING at all SPORTS!

I won NEW POPULARITY Won NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS

BEFORE

How did I do ALL This? I mailed the Coupon and got These 5 PICTURE-PACKED HE-MAN COURSES

Which YOU can NOW get FREE

BEFORE $1 PRICE GOES BACK

Millions Sold for $1

GET ALL 5 FREE

"I gained 60 lbs. of muscles." says John Sill.

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST By GEORGE F. JOWETT 1

"I added 7 inches to my CHEST 3 inches to each ARM," says Jobie Jackson

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM By GEORGE F. JOWETT 2

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK By GEORGE F. JOWETT 3

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP By GEORGE F. JOWETT 4

HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY LEGS By GEORGE F. JOWETT 5

"I'M PROUD to be seen with Jim NOW! Everybody admires his build," says Nellie. "Jim can lift the front of a 2700 lb. car. He amazes his friends!"

You'll be A Real ATHLETE in ALL SPORTS Soon after YOU mail Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER in ALL SPORTS NOW. YOU will be, too, soon.

YOU CAN WIN a BIG 15" SILVER CUP as I just did! with YOUR NAME engraved on it!

JIM NORMAN

AFTER He Mailed Coupon Below is Cleveland

BEFORE He Mailed Coupon

90 lb. Skeleton

He says, I gained 70 lbs. of mighty muscle

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me 10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are I'll make you OVER by the SAME method I turned myself from a wreck to the strongest of the strong. Why can't I do for you what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows like You?

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.

"Congratulations, John! At last you mailed the coupon as EVERY MAN should. Soon You'll be as big and strong as I am," says Jim Norman to John Luckus

Mail the "ALL FREE" coupon get this "AMAZING SECRETS" Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL, ACT, like A Real HE-MAN! Win Women and Men Friends. Win in Sports! Win Promotion, Praise, Popularity.

AMAZING SECRETS MUSCLE TO WIN MENTAL & SELF-SAVING GIFTS FOR YOU AN AMERICAN BECOME AN ALL-AMERICAN HE-MAN 10 PHOTOS IN THIS FREE PHOTO BOOK

This BOOK will also show You HOW YOU CAN WIN $100.00 and a BIG 15" tall SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER 3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

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Tell Me How To WIN $100, etc.

"Jowett Courses greatest in World for Building All-Around HE-MEN" —R. F. Kelley Physical Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING 220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs. Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

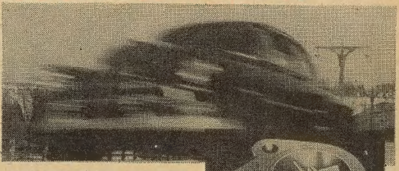
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

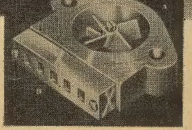
SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!

Now! Turn Your Waste Gas Into SUPER POWER!

IT'S TRUE! Now you can get the breath-taking acceleration . . . jack-rabbit starts . . . blazing new power that you've dreamed about for years—*simply by harnessing the raw, unburnt gasoline that your engine is wasting today!*

You can get performance from your present car that will make your friends gasp with astonishment—*and you can save $25, $50, even $75 a year on gas bills alone doing it!*





YES! THIS AMAZING "MINI-SUPER-CHARGER" BOOSTS THE POWER OF YOUR ENGINE AS MUCH AS 25%! Gives you the gas economy you've dreamed about for years! Here's why:

This Power Booster works on exactly the same principle as superchargers selling for as high as $600. Its whirlwind propeller (A) breaks up the raw, unburnt gas that your engine is wasting today . . . gives you up to 25% more engine-driving power from every drop! Its emergency breather valve (B) forces huge quantities of fresh air into your engine . . . forces that engine to breath deeper . . . push harder . . . pile up more mileage from every gallon you buy! It gives you A TREMENDOUS NEW BURST OF MONEY-SAVING POWER, just when you need it most—when you flash away from traffic . . . shoot up steep hills . . . pick up speed on the open highway!

No wonder dozens of leading car magazines call this the "money-saving discovery of the year." *Test this amazing gas-saver yourself—without risking a penny! THE THRILLING FACTS ARE ON THIS PAGE!*

Yes! *You, yourself* can fit this amazing GASOLINE ATOMIZER on to your car in as little as 20 easy minutes! *And it is guaranteed to pay you back your full purchase price, in gas savings alone, in the first 3 to 4 short months that you use it. Here's why!*

By RICHARD JOHNS

Mr. Car Owner! How would you like to have the driving thrill of your life next weekend?

Picture this yourself! Next weekend you go down to your car—the same tired car that you've been driving for years. You've made only one simple change to that car, so easy that your 16-year-old son could do it! But now, when you turn on the ignition, *a modern miracle of engineering science comes to life under your hood!*

From the very first moment, you'll see and feel the difference in that engine. That engine will hum with new, throbbing power. When you release the emergency brake, your car will glide out of its parking space . . . roll down the street with your foot hardly touching the pedal. Every 30 or 40 seconds, you'll give that car an extra shot of gas . . . feeling it spurt ahead . . . testing the new power that's singing underneath your foot!

We ask you to pull up to another car at the stop light, of approximately the same year and make as your own! Wait until the light changes from red to green. Let the other car start first. Wait till the other car gets half way across the street. *And then slam your foot down on the gas pedal!*

Before that other car has even crossed the street, you will have caught up with him. For one brief second, you and that other car will race fender to fender. And then you will flash away from him . . . you will leave him a full block behind . . . you will look in your rear view mirror and see the startled look of amazement in the other driver's eyes!

TEST THIS NEW POWER A HUNDRED DIFFERENT WAYS!

But this is just the beginning! Test this equipment for one full

WE GUARANTEE YOUR GAS SAVINGS!

Clip this guarantee section out of this page. It authorizes you to try this amazing new MINI-SUPERCHARGER for a full four months ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK! At the end of that time, this device must save you—on gas alone—EVERY SINGLE CENT OF THE MONEY THAT YOU PAID FOR IT—OR YOUR FULL MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED! This offer is good for a full four months! It is probably the most amazing offer in car history! You have nothing to lose! ACT TODAY!

Eugene Stevens, Inc.

Eugene Stevens

Eugene Stevens, Pres.

month—entirely at our risk! Test it on the highway! Use it to flash away from other cars . . . spurt up the *steepest* hills . . . *actually pass other cars in 2, 4, 6 and even 8 seconds LESS than you could have done formerly!*

Test this equipment in long-range driving! See the *enormous gas savings it gives you* at high speeds! Prove to yourself that at 50 . . . 60 . . . even 70 miles an hour, *your foot is still half-way up on the pedal*—you still have all the reserve power you need to get out of any emergency on the highway!

Yes, and test this equipment in stop-and-go city driving! Prove to yourself that it gives you the instant acceleration you need to get out in front of the crowd . . . *with far less gas* than you're using today! Prove to yourself that it can actually save you $25 to $50 to $75 on your gas bills every single year . . . *that it actually pays back its full cost, in gas savings alone, during the first three or four months—or your full money back!*

HOW DOES THIS PRODUCT GIVE YOU SUCH TREMENDOUS NEW POWER?

And you get all this performance—and more—from a small, polished machine of bronze and aluminum that you can hold in your hand! Here's why:

Gasoline in its liquid form is not explosive. If you accidentally drop a lighted match into a bucket full of gasoline, the chances are 10 to 1 that that gasoline will actually *put out* that match. *But simply mix that same bucket full of gas with the proper amount of air, and you will have enough explosive power to drive a ten ton truck!*

The main purpose of this machine is to SUPER-MIX . . . SUPER-VAPORIZE . . . SUPER-ATOMIZE your gas in exactly that way! To squeeze the *hidden power* out of that gas! To mix that gas with much greater volumes of air! To make that gas *more explosive* in the engine of your car!

No wonder men have paid up to $600 for Superchargers! What we are offering you on this page is a MINI-SUPERCHARGER — easier to install — less expensive! But still the only power product you can buy with all these tremendous advantages:

1. You can install it yourself, in just 30 minutes, even if you never picked up a tool before in your life! No $10, $15 or $20 mechanic's bills! No drilling, or grinding of any kind! You never even touch the inside of your engine!

2. It never needs further adjustments, for the full lifetime of your car! Nothing to go out of order or break down on the highway. Completely guaranteed for 20 years.

3. It takes up no room in your car . . . makes no "souped-up" noise! No shifting around of engine parts. No "hot rod" noises to cause embarrassment!

SO EASY TO INSTALL THAT EVEN YOUR 16-YEAR-OLD SON CAN DO IT!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

Step 1. Open your hood. Locate Air Cleaner and Carburetor Unit that sits smack on top of your engine. *Simply take an ordinary* wrench and loosen the two or three bolts that hold carburetor to the engine!

Step 2. Lift up the carburetor. Put MINI-SUPERCHARGER unit in place. *What could be easier?*

Step 3. Replace carburetor. *Now turn on your engine! And then get in and take the most thrilling drive of your life!*

TRY IT ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK

This MINI-SUPERCHARGER (U.S. Patent No. 2,409,937) sells for only $9.95 for most six-cylinder cars and only $11.95 for most eight-cylinder cars. This is *your total cost—there is no installation fee!* And, most important of all, *we guarantee that you will save this full purchase in gas bills alone—in the first 3 to 4 months that you own this device.*

You have nothing to lose! Try this equipment entirely at our risk. It must give you a whole new world of driving pleasure and economy or your full money back! Act today!

EUGENE STEVENS, INC.
400 MADISON AVE., DEPT. EC-10
NEW YORK 17, N.Y

MINI—SUPERCHARGER PRICE LIST

Buick	All Models	$11.95
Cadillac	All Models	11.95
Chevrolet	All Models	9.95
Chrysler	Six's and Eight's up to 1949	9.95
Chrysler	All Eight's after '49	11.95
DeSoto	All Six's	9.95
DeSoto	All Eight's	11.95
Dodge	All Six's to 1953	9.95
Dodge	All Six's after 1953 and all Eight's	11.95
Ford	All Six's to 1953	9.95
Ford	All Six's after 1953 and all Eight's	11.95
Hudson	Pacemk'r '50-'51-'52	9.95
Hudson	Hornet '51-'52-'53	9.95
Hudson	All other Models	11.95
Kaiser & Fraser	All Models thru '48	9.95
Kaiser & Fraser	All other Models	11.95
Lincoln	All Models	11.95
Nash	Six's '39 thru '51	9.95
Nash	Six's after 1951 and all Eight's	11.95
Oldsmobile	Six's '39 thru '51	9.95
Oldsmobile	All Six's after 1951 and all Eight's	11.95
Mercury	All Models	11.95
Packard	All Models	11.95
Plymouth	All Models	9.95
Pontiac	Six's '39 thru '53	9.95
Pontiac	All Six's after 1953 and all Eight's	11.95
Studebaker	Eight's '51 thru '55	11.95
Studebaker	All Six's and all Eight's to 1951	9.95
Willys	All Models	9.95

FREE!

UP TO $3 RETAIL VALUE! UP TO 2 TO 4 MILES MORE PER GALLON INSTANTLY, SAY THOUSANDS OF USERS.

THIS is probably the most widely sold piece of automotive equipment in the world! OVER HALF A MILLION DRIVERS have paid up to $3 a set to put these amazing Air Bleed Needles on their cars! *But we bought out an entire factory at a sacrifice price! For this one advertisement only, we can offer you these exact same needles as a FREE gift, even if you return the MINI-SUPERCHARGER!*

1. They fit onto the carburetor of your car, where they replace the standard Idling Adjustment Screw. If you have a six-cylinder car, then you will need only one of the Air Bleed Needles (regular retail price $1.50). If you have an eight-cylinder car, then you will need two needles (regular retail price — $3.00). In either case, you simply unscrew the old needle and put in the new. THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT! Even if you never looked under your hood before, you can do it in 60 seconds . . . without touching a tool, without even getting your hands dirty!

2. The purpose of these Air Bleed Needles is to STOP YOUR CAR FROM WASTING GAS IN STOP-AND-GO DRIVING . . . and to save you up to 2 to 4 miles a gallon. If you use your car to go shopping . . . if you have to fight traffic as much as once a week, then we believe you'll bless the day you first put this equipment in your car! And of course, at the same time it can give you easier, quieter performance and pick-up and smoother, more economical idling!

REMEMBER, THIS IS PROBABLY YOUR ONLY CHANCE TO GET THESE AMAZING AIR BLEED NEEDLES AS A FREE GIFT—a gift that is worth as much as $3 to you—and a gift that is yours to keep even if you return the MINI-SUPERCHARGER!

But you must act today! Our supply is limited! We can make this offer only this one time in this magazine! Simply send us the make and year of your car, and this gift is yours! *BUT ACT TODAY!*

---MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!---

EUGENE STEVENS, INC.
400 MADISON AVE., N. Y. 1, N. Y. **Dept. EC-10**

Yes, I want to try your amazing MINI-SUPERCHARGER *entirely at your risk!* Please send me the precision-made model that fits my car. I will pay postman only ____________ (see price list for all models at left), plus few COD charges. I understand that this item is completely guaranteed. It must give me tremendous new pick-up, acceleration and power . . . it must save me enough money, in gas alone, to pay back every cent of its cost in the first 3 to 4 months that I own it—or my full money back!

Also send me as your Extra Gift Premium, the Free Air Bleed Needle Set, mine as a gift! If not completely satisfied, I will return the MINI-SUPERCHARGER, but keep the needles!

MAKE OF CAR ____________ please print

YEAR ____________ NUMBER OF CYLINDERS ____________

NAME ____________

ADDRESS ____________

CITY ____________ ZONE ______ STATE ____________

☐ CHECK HERE TO SAVE MORE! Enclose cash, check or money order, and we pay all postage and handling charges! You save 67¢. Same money-back guarantee, of course!

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